

309
COMMENCEMENT

JUNE, 1895.

95
The Tatler

West Des Moines High School.

VOL II.

NO. 4.

June 8/95-

Class of 98.

THE LAST

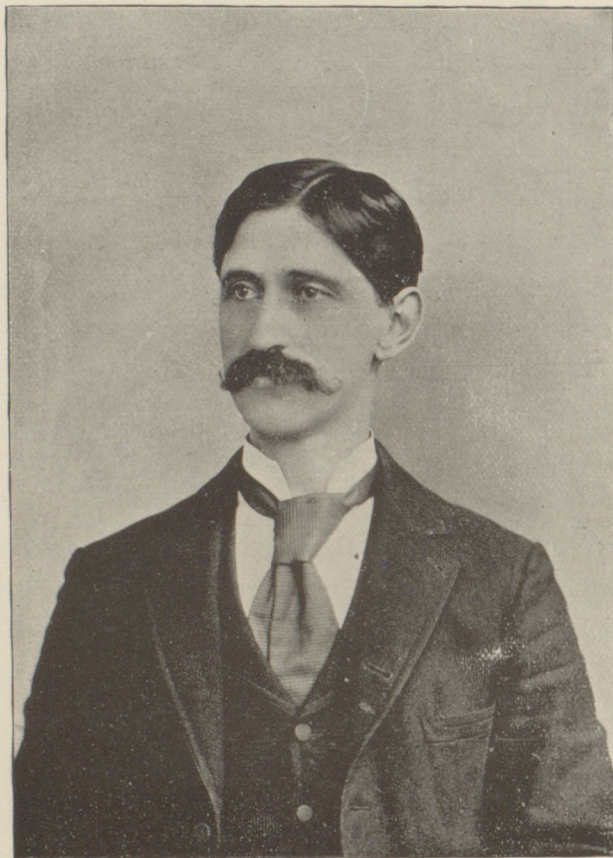
.. . . GREETING

WE take pleasure in thus placing before our friends the annual commencement number of THE TATLER, which marks the completion of volume II and the conclusion of our delightful editorial duties. We have attempted, so far as possible, to embody in the present issue, all that which is necessary in making a presentable souvenir of our school, and also a number which shall be a fitting finis to our year's work. Our limited means has limited our undertakings, yet we feel that, to a certain degree, we have been successful in our efforts to produce our annual. It has been our aim to make it a success, not only from a literary standpoint, but financially. We have long cherished the hope that we may be able to leave a surplus in the treasury with which to continue the publication during the following year. We feel that with the support, which has been heretofore received, our expectations shall be realized.

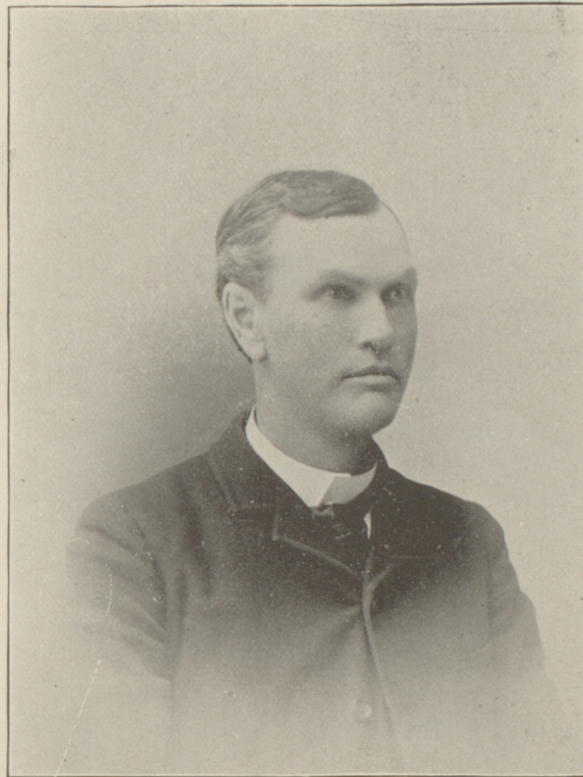
The hearty co-operation from the students of the school, mingled with the good will and assistance of the faculty, is all that is requisite to the prosperity of an enterprise such as THE TATLER. Both of these we have met with during our experience, and feel that our healthful and enjoyable year is due entirely to them, and hope that even more encouragement shall be tendered our successor in the '96 TATLER.

Wishing a prosperous year to the future editors, and thanking our friends and patrons for their hearty support, we bid them a last fond farewell.

THE EDITORS.



FRANK B. COOPER, SUPT. OF SCHOOLS.



WILLIAM WILCOX, PRINCIPAL WEST D. M. HIGH SCHOOL.



THE FACULTY.

Mrs. Reynolds.

Mr. Newell.
Mr. Slinker.

Miss Gowdy.

Miss Sheldon.
Miss Kyle.

Mr. Wilcox, Prin.

Miss Cramer.
Miss Loring.

Miss Hughes.

Mr. Treimer.
Miss Howe.

Mr. Augur.

THE FACULTY.

WHAT THEY ARE GOING TO DO.

The teachers are going to take a vacation too. For twelve weeks they will bid farewell to test papers, note books and estimates, and will not try to keep anybody in order. They will enjoy indoor life and outdoor life, will study some, by way of provision for the demands of the coming year, and a part of the time will loaf industriously, to get their tempers tuned for the strain of '95-6.

Mr. Wilcox will stay in Des Moines a part of the summer, and will also do some institute work.

Miss Howe is going on a bicycle trip, to enjoy Iowa scenery and collect specimens. She will teach in the Polk County Institute in August.

Miss Kyle will rest and read at her home in Troy, Ohio, where the society of some nephews and nieces will make life entertaining for her.

Miss Gowdy will, perhaps, make a trip to Massachusetts immediately after the close of school. She expects to spend most of the vacation in town.

Miss Loring will spend most of the summer in LeMars, and will, perhaps, travel a little.

Miss George is thinking about a trip to Denver and the Rockies. She may spend some time in institute work.

Miss Cramer will visit Boston, but expects to spend most of her summer in Cazenovia, N. Y., where she will revel in boating expeditions and picnics. Miss Cramer is a great addition to picnics, in other places beside the commissary department.

Miss Hughes will spend most of the summer at her home in Iowa City. She is one of the fortunate few who have homes near at hand.

Miss Sheldon starts, as soon as school closes, for France, where she will spend the summer in the study of French literature, especially the work of the early writers, and will rest in the book stores, picture galleries and parks.

Mr. Slinker will turn book agent for a part of the summer, and will return in the fall in good health and spirits, with an addition to his bank account, and that serenity of mind that comes from having done a good piece of work well.

Mr. Augur will visit the University of Michigan, and friends in other parts of Michigan and in Wisconsin.

Mr. Newell expects to take a trip east to New York and Boston, but will probably spend most of the summer at Bay View, Michigan.

Mr. Treimer will celebrate the beginning of vacation by going to the State University, at Iowa City, to take examinations for a degree. Some of us have a fellow feeling for him.

So we scatter for the summer. A pleasant vacation to everybody and a happy reunion in the fall.

NOTE.—By some misunderstanding the picture of our able instructor, Miss George, was omitted by the engraver, in making the faculty group. The lateness of the day prevented the rectification of the error, and we feel it a trying duty to ask Miss George and the entire school to bear with us in this pardonable mistake.



CLASS OF '95.

QUOTATIONS FROM THE CLASS OF '95.

MABEL BOWEN—"Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

CLARA FOOTE—"Take things always by the smooth handle."

HAL REYNOLDS—"Blessings on thee, little man."

PEARL KOSTENBADER—"A pearl of great price."

FLORENCE BELL—"Full of a Nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment
Never the same."

FRANK GETCHELL—"A sadder and a wiser man, he rose the morrow
morn." (After Shakespeare-Bacon debate.)

MAY LAWLESS—"Bright gem, instinct with music, vocal spark."

ADDIE DURLEY—"Virtue alone is happiness below."

GEORGE HITCHCOCK—"To be or not to be, that is the question."

EDWIN CARTER—"He wears the rose of youth upon him."

GERTRUDE LAND—"She is young and of a noble, modest nature."

MABEL BOYER—"If a painter saw her
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round her hair."

WALTER MAUTHE—"Still waters run deep."

RUTH HOWE—"None knew her but to love her;
None named her but to praise."

FRANK MOTT—"He is like the merchant man that seeketh goodly
Pearl(s)."

RACHEL YOUNKER—"A still small voice."

HARRY HULSIZER—"He brings the sunshine with him."

JAKE SHEUERMAN—"All hearts grew warmer in the presence
Of one, who, seeking not his own,
Gave freely for the love of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown."

ALLAN MORRISON—"I live and thrive,
Indebted to no man alive."

HAROLD KNIGHT—"In all thy humors whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a testy, touchy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and spleen about thee,
There's no living with thee nor without thee."

RAN HOARE—"Swift-footed Achilles."

NAN WHEELER—"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

CLARK KEELER—"A tress of golden hair hath ever a charm for him."

LIDA SCHMEIZER—"No sullen discontent nor anxious care,
E'en though brought higher, could inhabit there."

MAY CAMERON—"Nature designed first
A brave place and then a brave mind."

MABEL FAIRFIELD—"The daughter of the gods, divinely tall."

BLANCHE WINGATE—"Her voice was ever soft and low, an excellent
thing in woman."

RUBY MACY—"She is made up of smiles and laughter."

RALPH WEBSTER—"In him revealed a scholar's genius shown;
And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight
In him the spirit of a hero walked."

ETTA GRICE—"A perfect woman, nobly planned."

LILLIAN McCONNELL—"She makes the world within her reach
So much the better for her living,
And kinder for her human speech."

ALDAH GRAHAM—"A sweet and gentle presence."

STELLA NORTON—"She won strong friends whose love will last;
She worked for wisdom and it came."

LIDA TAYLOR—"The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart, her every look conveyed."



COLUMN OF FOURS.

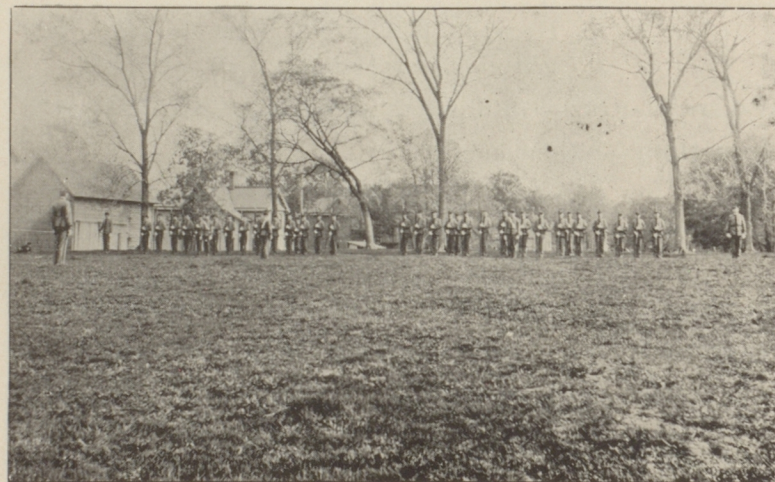


GUARD MOUNTING.

HIGH SCHOOL CADETS, '94-'95.



SKIRMISH DRILL.

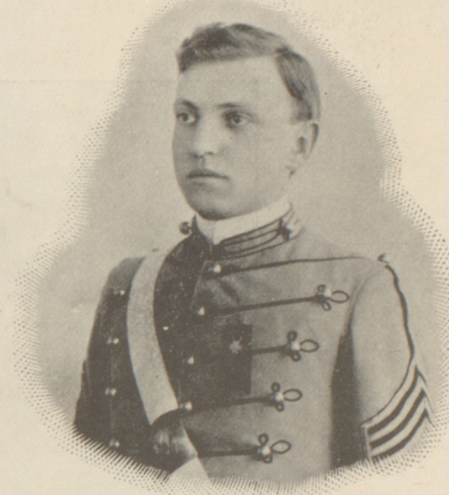


DRESS PARADE.

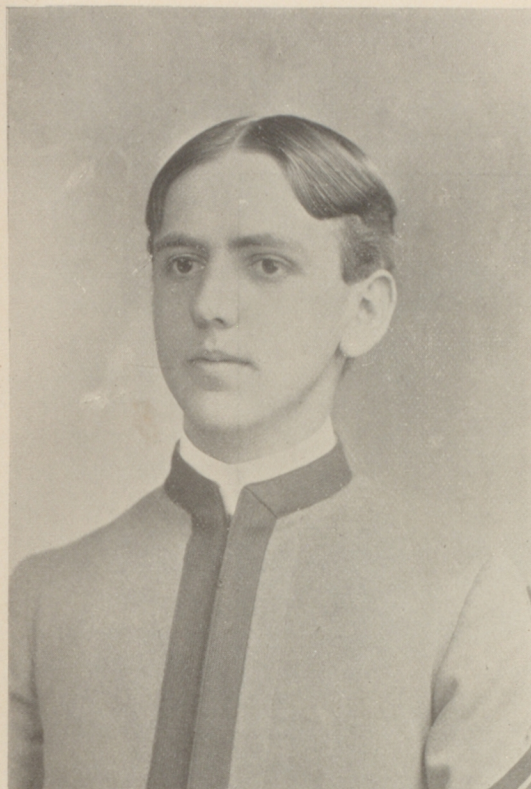
THE CADETS.

ROSTER.

Supervisor—Clark Fairfield, Jr.
 Cadet Captain—Edwin D. Hewitt.
 “ 1st Lieut.—Hazlett N. Clark.
 “ 2d Lieut.—Francis A. Fairburn.
 “ 1st Sergt.—Alfred L. Frisbie.
 “ 2d “ George N. Ayres.
 “ 3d “ Sam B. Elbert.
 “ 4th “ C. Fay Sperry.
 “ 5th “ Harry A. Wingate.
 “ 1st Corp.—Webster Woods.
 “ 2d “ Edwin E. Drake.
 “ 3d “ J. Hal Galley.
 “ 4th “ Marvin J. Houghton.
 “ Trumpeter—Ernest C. Wineman.



EX-CADET CAPTAIN FAIRFIELD.



EDWIN D. HEWITT, CADET CAPTAIN,
 Assistant Business Manager of Tatler.

PRIVATES.

Ayers, R. M.
 Bishop, J. F.
 Barnitz, F. B.
 Crusinberry, A.
 Cummins, F. S.
 Edwards, B.

Elliott, W. M.
 Foster, D.
 Griffith, J. D.
 Knight, C. C.
 Keith, R.
 Morris, R. B.

Plummer, H. E.
 Plummer, A. F.
 Plumb, R. B.
 Page, J.
 Park, H. G.
 Scofield, R.

Selby, C. D.
 Thummel, W. F.
 Talcott, A. N.
 Talcott, M. B.
 Warfield, L. W.
 Youngerman, H. L.
 Young, L., Co. Clerk.

One of the noblest and most profitable projects ever executed in our school was the organization of the Cadet Company. Two years ago the scheme was looked upon with disgust, that is, the “big fellows” wouldn’t join, but notwithstanding this fact, the cause was sustained by the combined efforts of some of our enterprising and persevering young men, backed up by the ready support and hearty cooperation of our old friend, Mr. Wilcox, and we have today, as a result, one of the soundest, best drilled and neatest appearing companies that the High School in this or even neighboring states can boast of. Their success, of course, is largely due to the privates of the company, who as a whole have made it their self-appointed duty to promote the general welfare of the company. The greatest credit,

however, is due to the untiring efforts of ex-Capt. Clark Fairfield and the present captain, Mr. Edwin Hewitt. These gentlemen have proven themselves to be responsible and popular officers. Their capabilities are best shown by the marked degree of success which the company has attained. The “great finale” to the year’s work will occur Friday, June 7, when several handsome and costly medals will be awarded to successful contestants.

Colors, yellow and brown.

Team yell—

Zippy, zippy zee,
 Zippy, zippy zan,
 High School Cadets,
 Beat us if you can.



WE, THE SENIORS.

It is said that happy nations and happy people have no history, but our class is no happier in this respect than those who have preceded us, for we have a history.

From the time we first entered the High School our career has been fraught with eventful happenings. Our entrance was made under adverse circumstances, in the first year of Mr. Kincaid's reign. Under his "eagle eye" we "freshies" on the front seats could not perform the startling deeds which we had planned to do when we got into High School. Nevertheless, we managed to do our share of causing trouble, and in a great measure, assisted the school board in making Mr. Kincaid earn his salary. The Sophomores and Juniors never wearied of discussing, in our presence, the "larks" which they had enjoyed in preceding years under less vigilant eyes. The tales they told were listened to with breathless attention and were sufficient to cause us to turn green with envy, but this, happily, could not be noticed by our tormentors as the turning was entirely imperceptible on account of our verdancy. So, assuming supreme indifference, we passed through our Freshman year, making splendid records in all departments.

The next year our worthy principal caused many of us a great deal of worry and trouble by changing the courses of study, barring wholly the English course. This was, indeed, unlucky, for a large majority of us, having adopted "moderation in study" for our motto, had taken this course, both because of our extreme loyalty to our mother tongue and because of a natural distaste for anything *foreign* or difficult. But we do not lack perseverance, and with resignation we signed our cards and looked forward to poring for hours over Latin or German, and Geometry.

While we were Sophomores our combative propensity was developed and many were the long drawn out discussions, which even "came to blows," on the tennis court and base ball diamond. These discussions, in which Mr. Kincaid (also of a belligerent disposition) was extremely anxious to take part, were always continued in the school building.

The habit of fighting which we then acquired has hung to us ever since, although in the last two years we have confined ourselves to "word battles."

As Sophomores, long rows of us often occupied the front seats and made frequent trips to the office. One of our boys finally decided to take his books to the office and stay there, as he considered it a waste of time and shoe leather to travel constantly from room to room; and, too, his study hours were necessarily shortened

by these journeys (he was a very studious boy). Mr. Kincaid took pity on him and allowed him to sit and study (?) in the office, but compelled him to go to recitations every day.

How proud we all were when we became Juniors! Visions of a Junior entertainment and of class day glory floated before our eyes during the entire year and buoyed us up for extra efforts. The entertainment always remained a vision, until its outlines, growing fainter and fainter, finally entirely disappeared. But on class day we proudly took our stand on the platform and sang our song with so much force and expression that the Senior song "dwindled away" in comparison. We left the stage in triumph, feeling sure that never before had the West Des Moines High School had such a class. During this year we were organized into a class, having constitution and by-laws, and all felt the importance of our position in the school. None of our talent for debate was developed and class disagreements became our favorite diversion. But while we disagreed in class meetings our class spirit remained uninjured, and to this day we are ever loyal to our colors and to each and every member of our class.

But we must not dwell too long on the record of former years, for, as Seniors, we have done our best work. Our class numbers thirty-four and we are an energetic and enterprising class. Although our enrollment is not so large as that of last year's class, we make up for the deficiency in numbers by our superiority in all other respects. Who shall say that the class of '95 will not have a place in history? We are sure that many of our members will become great politicians, statesmen and literary men.

We are a class of individuals, each having his own ideas and thoughts; therefore we do not compose an entirely harmonious body. While Miss Sheldon, with her tact in drawing out "the best there is in us," has done much toward stamping this individuality, she has also prevented us from being bigoted and narrow-minded by imparting to us her own liberal ideas and views and causing us to see things as they really are.

For the past two years Mr. Wilcox has been our principal and his rule has been very satisfactory. His method of governing, "by love, not fear," is an ideal one, and we shall all have many pleasant memories of the years we spent under his supervision.

As Seniors we have won an enviable reputation. We are thought to be "docile and easily managed" as well as intelligent and well informed. It is rather difficult to maintain the reputation of being "*easy*," but we are trying hard to do so. We are now about to leave the High School and it is with many regrets. We realize that when we leave these doors we are leaving behind us our happiest days, and it is our sincere wish that we may do *something* in the future which will make our teachers and schoolmates proud of the class of '95.

F. E. B.



JUNIOR CLASS.

THE JUNIOR CLASS.

Colors, green and white.

A la la Bix,
A la la Bix,
West Des Moines High School,
'96.

President, Edwin D. Hewitt.

Vice-president, Lucy Lewis.

Secretary and Treasurer, Nellie Newell.

OUR HISTORY.

Way back in 1892, the year when we entered, our flock numbered just one hundred and thirty-seven innocent, timid and stupid little freshmen. We were considered at that time (and the dignified seniors did the considering, too), to be the largest "push" that ever entered this institution ready to begin on its journey down the well paved path of fame and wisdom. Modesty prevents our mentioning the fact that we always held first place when it came to a question of beauty. My, but there were some "corkers" in our squad. Well, the day came when we could no longer call ourselves Freshmen; we had to leave our seats on the west side of the assembly and give way to another consignment of Freshmen, who, I will add, were in no way

so pretty, so smooth or much thought of as we were. But, as an old sage has said (Morrison, I believe it was), "the man who lingers and looks back, is the man who gets left." With this in mind, I think we had better talk of today and the future, and leave the past take care of itself.

Yes, we are the Juniors, the renowned Class of '96. After our three years' work we find that we have dwindled down to sixty-seven members; but, notwithstanding this fact, we have most of our select with us, and they are determined to make our Senior year one to be envied by all classes, both past and coming.

Our missing ones are scattered in all climes; some at colleges, some even at work, and furthermore, one of us claims the desirous title of husband and "papa" (accent on the last syllable).

It would not be much amiss to cite a few of our accomplishments, either. Just think, we are military—all the cadet officers, save four, are Juniors. Then we can cook—ask Miss Cramer if we can't. Then Miss Sheldon says we can study; and last, but not least, we make the best of the fact that we are Juniors.

Taking all in all, the Junior class must really be a good thing, for just watch the faculty push it along.

NOTE—All slang herein contained, is copyrighted by the TATLER.



CHAMPIONS OF IOWA HIGH SCHOOLS.

1. Watrous, L. T.
2. Coggeshall, F. B.
3. Frisbiel Center.

4. Hearty, R. G.
5. Rice, L. G.
6. Getchell (Capt.), Q. B.
7. Jake Sheurman, Manager.

8. Hoare, L. H.
9. C. Hulsizer, L. E.
10. H. Hulsizer, R. E.

11. Bittinger, R. H.
12. Talcott, R. T.
13. Kannam, Sub.

ATHLETICS.

BASE BALL CLUB.

Jake Sheuerman, Manager.

Pierce, c., Hulsizer, 3d,
 Hoare, p., Plummer, ss.,
 Wingate, 1st, Sheuerman, lf.,
 Talcott; 2d, Reynolds, cf.,
 Galley, rf.

SUBS.

Hughes, Porter,
 Foster, Fleming.
 Umpire—Frank Getchell.
 Official Scorer—Allan C. Morrison.

FOOT BALL CLUB.

Jake Sheuerman, Manager.

Frisbie, center, Hulsizer, C., left end,
 Rice, left guard, Hulsizer, H., right end,
 Hardy, right guard, Getchell, capt., quarter back,
 Watrous, left tackle, Hoare, left half,
 Talcott, right tackle, Bittenger, right half,
 Coggeshall, full back.

CADET BASE BALL TEAM.

Sam Elbert, Manager.

Pierce, c., Talcott, A., p.,
 Wingate, capt., 1st b., Hewitt, 2d b.,
 Wineman, 3d b., Plummer, ss.,
 Galley, lf., Foster, cf.,
 Edwards, rf.

ANTI-MASSE SHOT CLUB.

Carter, Webster,
 Roe, Hulsizer.
 Motto—If you can't play
 Don't pay.

TRACK TEAM.

Robert Hazard, Captain.
 Getchell, Sheuerman, Barnetz,
 Howe, Porter, Reynolds,
 Hulsizer, H., Talcott, Whitcomb,
 Hardy, Hulsizer, C., Smith,
 Sinclair, Young, Smouse.

TENNIS CLUB.

President, Hazlett Clark. Secretary, Chase Pierce.
 Treasurer, George Ayres.
 Elbert, B., Carr, Courtney,
 Miller, Elbert, S., Reynolds,
 Frisbie, Houghton, Barclay,
 Hulsizer, Keeler, Knight,
 Plummer, Ragsdale, Getchell.

BICYCLE CLUB.

Barnetz, Wineman,
 Whitcomb, Galley,
 Reynolds, Clark.



OUR COOKS.

OUR COOKS.

The cooking class of '95 is the most brilliant and most successful in the history of the West Des Moines High School. Early in September, '94, thirty-one girls began to study this interesting subject in a scientific manner; all arrayed in snowy caps, cuffs and aprons they presented a picture beyond the touch of an artist's brush. A few dropped out, leaving an average attendance of twenty-seven. The white-capped girls have been the favorites of the school, their popularity has been often noted, especially just after a practice lesson when "something good" has been made.

At first we studied the elements of the air and how these affected food; then the chemical elements contained in food, and their uses in the body—combustion, digestion, circulation and assimilation; chemical changes in food by the application of heat. This all seemed a little tiresome and we longed for the day when we could actually cook something and report on its merits of excellence. We soon realized that this preliminary preparation was the most important part, as during this time simple dishes were prepared to demonstrate principles involved. The subjects have been studied as far as practical beginning with foods containing all the elements needed to nourish the body. First, eggs, milk, fruits and vegetables; then a month of study on marketing and cooking meats, with a practical lesson at the market, which was especially instructive, some said it was worth a whole year's study to know how to select and prepare the best cuts of meat. Naturally following meats came bread. We had several class lessons until the principles of bread making were thoroughly

mastered; then came the individual test lesson, to be worked out alone, knowing that a failure meant a zero for three weeks' work. How our hearts beat with joy and honest pride as the judges pronounced the snowy loaves with a golden crust "just perfect;" and how happy we were to see the members of the faculty devour those delicious slices, which explains the query, "what becomes of the things cooked?" However, the faculty are only treated on special occasions.

From the plain, practical dishes we were advanced to pastry, cakes, desserts, ice creams and sherbets, all of which are very simple after one has mastered the scientific principles.

These last few weeks have been gala days to us, and now it is with great enthusiasm we anticipate our coming exhibition, to be given on Tuesday of commencement week. We only attempt to show representative dishes from the different subjects studied, also to show how we prepare them.

During the year we have been given about two hundred and seventy-five recipes, all of which have been demonstrated in practice lessons; by these rules the girls have prepared over five thousand dishes in their homes for the enjoyment of their friends. So our influence and knowledge is passed on and on, helping our co-laborers who have not had the benefit of this valuable training. Is this science only a fad, think you?

G. A. M.

From pupils, approved by teacher.

A. W. CRAMER.

THE FRESHMEN OF '95.

The brightest and best looking Freshman class that has ever entered the high school filed in last autumn, about one hundred and fifty strong. Their faces were so manly and merry looking that it seemed almost a pity they would be dubbed "Freshies" for a whole year.

Franklin, Hawthorne, Crocker, Lincoln, Irving, Grant and Oakland schools all had a hand in turning out this well prepared set of young students. Some one has accused the Freshman class of having robbed the cradles this year to fill up the ranks, but if they have, the small boys are equal in their standing to the larger ones, and it is rumored pretty generally that they are better in recitations and stand higher in their tests. The only regret the small boys have is that they are under size and can not join the cadets, as many other "Freshies" have done. They look so splendid in their handsome new uniforms, and have so much fun in the prize drills, where sometimes the medal is decided by a little rust on a screw in the other fellow's gun.

Not a prouder nor handsomer set of boys or girls ever trod the rostrum, or crowded around the pie counter in the basement, than this number of young men, with their handsome figures and fine, manly looking faces, and young ladies, with their vivacious manners, fluffy hair, and light, airy steps, who compose the Freshman class.

This class is noted for its mental capacities. One boy got one hundred in every one of the algebra tests, which made his yearly average something like ninety-eight per cent, and the average in the civil government classes for the year was eighty-seven and one-tenth, that being the highest Freshman average ever made. In the class are two girls, especially, who would make their fortunes writing for the comic papers. Whenever there is a five minutes recess between the periods, their seats are crowded with girls and boys listening to their merry jokes and sayings, and then after the bell has sounded to stop talking, I am sorry to say, occasional bursts of smothered laughter come from those quarters, which are doubtless caused by some witty joke or bright saying which would make the whole school laugh if it were said out loud.

The absence of all statistics in this article is due to the fact that

I nearly frightened some of the Freshman girls to death. I laboriously made out a list of about one hundred and fifty names and then started out to interview them. The first girl I met I did not know. Plucking up all the courage a Freshman editor could possibly command, I approached her and told her who I was. Then I told her what I wanted and rattled off a number of questions, such as: What is your age? the color of your hair? the color of your eyes? and how much do you weigh? She looked horror stricken, so I retreated. The next girl I met, when I asked her what the color of her eyes was, said, "I'll go and ask John." She didn't come back and I have waited ever since for her.

But then as the editor has before said, statistics or no statistics, this is the finest and jolliest Freshman class that ever studied lessons or made the high school halls and rooms resound with their merry laughter and quick footsteps.

THE KADET KODAK.

With eyes upturned,
Her head on his breast,
She pressed the button,
The cadet did the rest.

IN THE MOURNFUL STRAIN.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
On my face there played a frown;
There came my friends; they found me,
But I had a date down town (?)

—Webster.

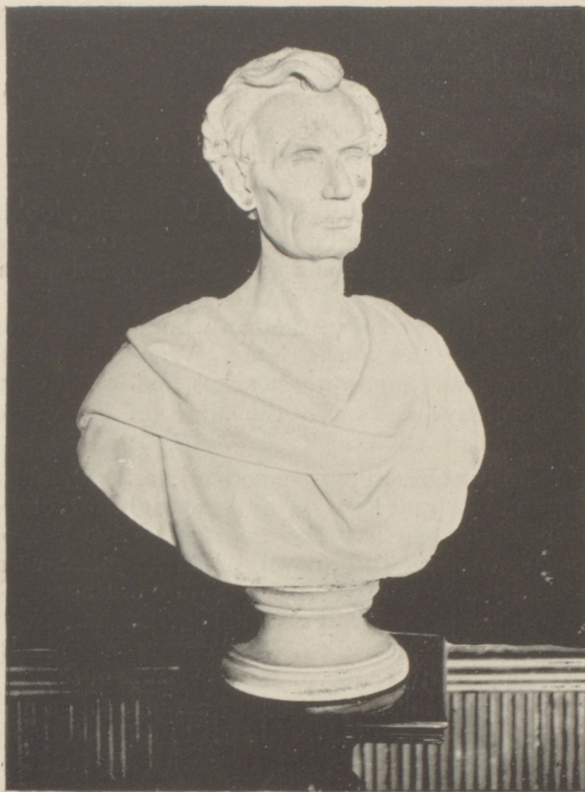
Joys of life on the editorial: Say, got anything in there about me? If you have I'll break your head.

There was a boy named Young,
Who many hearts has wrung;
His choice he made wisely,
The girl's name 'tis Riseley,
And now our song 'tis sung.

"Big Pete," the bugler, would be "hot stuff" if he would warm up now and then on the sly.

A baby carriage: "A good thing, Gregory, push it along."

We were going to put in a "slam" on Hazard, but we heard he wasn't good enough.



To the Teachers and Pupils of the High School:

The Class of '94 takes pleasure in presenting to you, with its compliments, this bust and pedestal, hoping that it may be acceptable, even at this late hour. We hope that although we are not with you here, this token may serve to remind you that we still have an interest in our alma mater and that we wish to be a part of the West Des Moines High School.

MINNIE HYLAND,
ALLIE WINGATE,
ALVIN BURROWS,
Committee.

To the Members of the Class of '94, Greeting:—

The teachers and pupils of the West Des Moines High School,

by these presents, extend to you their thanks for the gift of the bust of President Lincoln, together with the beautiful pedestal for the same. Besides being so marked an ornament to our building, it at the same time expresses the kind memories you have for us, as well as the wish to be considered still among our number.

You may be assured we have lost none of our high regard for the loyal Class of '94, and that a large share of the honor is with us in having upon our rolls friends of such high quality and signal virtues.

Yours truly for W. D. M. H. S.,

June 1, 1885.

WILLIAM WILCOX, *Principal.*

WEST DES MOINES HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT WEEK. PROGRAM.

FRIDAY, May 31—Annual Examinations to continue Monday, Tuesday a. m., concluding Wednesday a. m.

SUNDAY, June 2—Baccalaureate Sermon, by Dr. J. L. Sooy, at First M. E. Church, at 10:30 a. m.

TUESDAY—Industrial Exhibit in High School building, 2:30 to 5:00 and 7:30 to 9:00 p. m.

WEDNESDAY—Senior Class Exercises, High School building, 8:00 p. m.

THURSDAY—Commencement, at Foster's Opera House, 8:00 p. m.

FRIDAY—Giving of reports; receiving of pupils from grades, 9:00 a. m.
Cadet prize drill, giving of medals and commissions. Closing, 10:00 a. m.

FRIDAY—Class Reception at Cycling hall, 8:00 p. m.

SATURDAY—Alumni Reunion and Banquet at High School building, 8:00 p. m.

SENIOR CLASS ORGANIZATION.

President, Jake Sheuerman; vice-president, Mabel Fairfield; secretary, Lida Taylor; treasurer, Edwin Carter.

Class colors, crimson and white.

Class yell—

Wah-hoo-wah,

We're alive,

No flies on the class of '95.

HIGH SCHOOL MANDOLIN CLUB.

Last year we had a banjo, mandolin and guitar club which ranked well with any in the city. This year we have had no so-called High School club, but we are justly proud of the fact that Earnie Wineman, Ran Hoare, Howard Keeler and Hal Galley, the Acme Quartette, who were the prize winners at the big mandolin contest, are all identified with our school. Next year we are to have a very much alive mandolin and guitar club, and Prof. Newell informs us that it will be a good one. During the past year a number of to-be-freshies have been studiously at work on these instruments and these, together with the players already ours, will count up a good dozen.

FROM A SOPHOMORE.

One more year of our school life has passed and as we stand ready to enter the ranks of the juniors, with fresh vim and vigor, we cannot help but look back over the sophomore trials and tribulations. Before me looms the class meetings and it seems our principal business was to learn the art of adjournment. Although we would debate and dispute upon one thing and another, the only thing that the class usually agreed upon was to adjourn, and adjourn we did. But as everything must bear fruit, either good or bad, so did the meetings, and adopted the glorious and renowned hatchet for our class emblem. It was with his little hatchet that George astonished his father, so did we astonish the school on Georgie's birthday. For, as we all remember, as Georgie's face disappeared from the hatchet, '97 filled its place.

We hope, as Sophomores, we have left a good impression with all, and if we have not, just consider for a moment what we had to contend with. We were neither Freshmen, who are to be looked at and admired, nor Juniors, who are looked up to, nor Seniors, who are respected and taken as a model by all, but only Sophomores, who are criticized, and whose very name came from a Greek word meaning "foolish."

Now, kind readers, as we step up into new places, we extend a hearty welcome to those who will fill the Sophomore ranks next year, and we hope that the Juniors will extend to us a cordial hand as we attempt to fill their places.

"97."

EVENTS OF THE YEAR.

The past year of school has been a favored one. We have been honored by the presence of several notable visitors.

Early in the year Dr. James Taylor, president of Vassar College, addressed the school. The earnest words of this scholarly man were inspiring to all who heard him.

On February 22, the Grand Army Post and Woman's Relief Corps sent some of their ablest representatives to speak to the high school. Mrs. Windsor, president of the W. R. C., told very appropriately of her visit to Mt. Vernon, the home of the distinguished man

whose birth the day commemorated. Capt. Walker read a very interesting paper. Dr. Hutchins, Post Commander, grew eloquent in giving his lesson of patriotism to the boys and girls. The words of men who have illustrated such lessons in their own lives can not fail to be impressive.

On that same day, Mr. Peck, of the Y. M. C. A., gave us kindly and helpful counsel.

President Chas. Schaeffer, of the State University, looked in upon us one day and spoke a few well-chosen words to the students.

Mr. Wurtz, the Lutheran minister elect, also paid us a visit and complimented our school in all its details.

Judge Wright, that genial gentleman whom we all admire, visited us one morning during the music hour. With his usual grace he complimented our deserving music teacher, spoke eloquently of past and present school days, and out of the stores of his vast experience gave us much excellent advice.

Weddings are terrible things, sometimes, at least, and to have so many weddings in one year! It is a thing unheard of before, and surely not to be desired again. For days and days the school was held in suspense awaiting the arrival of Mr. Slinker, who had been absent, to be married, of course. But when he did appear, amid congratulatory applause, he named it only a false alarm. No; the work of marrying Mr. Slinker all had to be done over again. But it was with good will and hearty endeavor we sent some of the faculty off in a closed carriage to attend Mr. Slinker's wedding. Again our efforts were in vain and the happy task is yet to do. Not only have we labored in vain with Mr. Slinker, but also with Miss Gowdy. When one day she did not appear we were sure it was to be her wedding day. We had her successor elected and ready for work after the spring vacation, but back came Miss Gowdy. Do these teachers believe that anticipation is better than realization?

There is sometimes truth in rumors, and this we found out when word reached us that our school-mate, Roy Gregory, in an absence of three days, had begun the wedded life and would ne'er be with us again.

Our friend of last year, Ora Falkner, '94, has changed her name, and may joy be with her.

What will happen to the '95's after their commencement? Some may work, some play, and some may go into wedded bliss. Just How(e) we will see.

The Senior entertainment, given March 29th, and the matinee on the 30th, was the most successful ever given in the school. The house was crowded and the audience enthusiastically cheered the actors in their varied and graceful attitudes. The farces were sprightly, the operetta novel and wonderfully taking. And no wonder, for in the ranks of the Seniors are many excellent musicians, and under the direction of Mrs. H. R. Reynolds it was a decided success.

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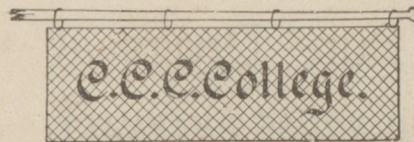
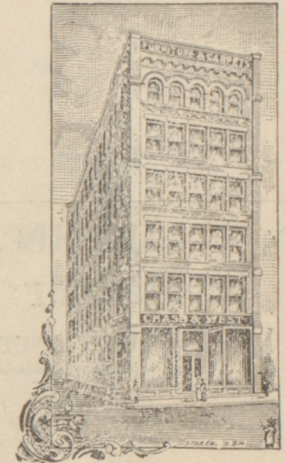
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TO THE GRADUATES.

YOUR school days are over, never to come back, and in these first days of what may seem to you to be an entering into a greater liberty, a greater freedom upon the broad stage of the world to act your part in life, it may not be amiss to hope that each of you will not be so absorbed in the prospects of what your future may have in store for you as to forget before the closing days of your school are old on the calendar, the influences, the aspirations and the teaching inculcated during this part of your life, which make for clear thinking, systematic habits and honest living. While the books are laid away, may the knowledge that is within them abide with you, ever ready at hand to be applied by you in the practical pursuits of life; while a good-bye is said to teachers and school friends, may they ever remain within your memory as friends, and give you that sense of companionship which will make other friends and companions for you as you go out into the work of life.

Those duties which were well done, that study which seemed hard but which you conquered, all will be of help to you when you meet, hereafter, other duties and other obstacles to your progress; that attention which you gave as a pupil to school matters, will be of benefit now when fixing your attention on practical affairs.

We have one thought we wish to put before you. In going out into life, as we call it, do not go out from what has been taught, do not abandon the intellectual life entirely, but carry it with you as a help and aid in future life.

And allow us who have been watchers of your progress, to wish you, and each of you, that success in life which you hope for, that attainment of your desires which you seek; and that the work of your school life may be the means of your prosperity hereafter, is the hope of

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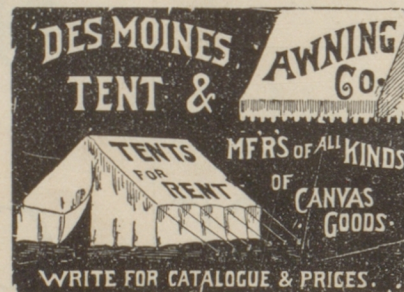
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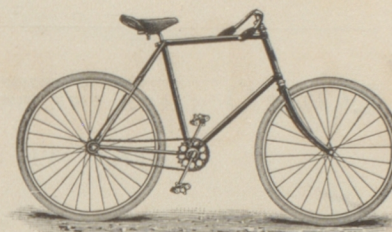
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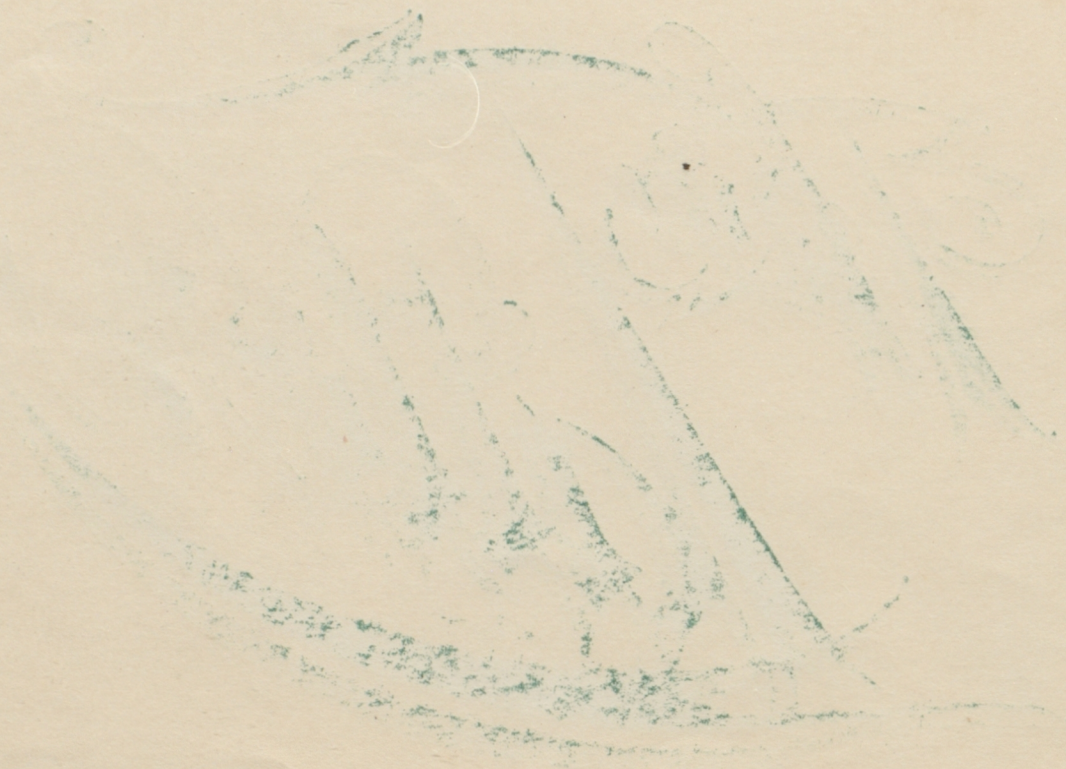
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VOL. III.

WEST DES MOINES
HIGH SCHOOL.

COMMENT



Preface.

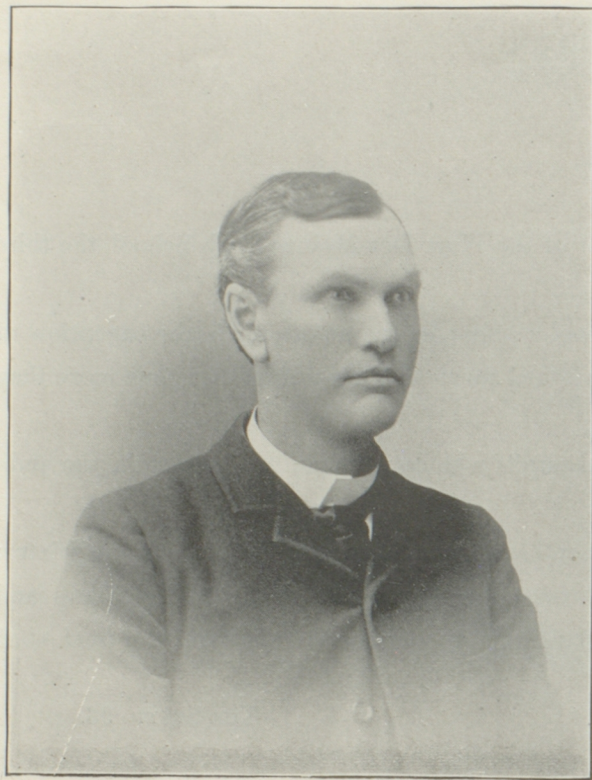
THE Staff takes pleasure in offering to the friends and students of the West Des Moines High School the third annual commencement number of THE TATLER.

We have followed out our course in presenting to the school a paper every month with the exception of April and May which we have combined into the ANNUAL, having issued seven numbers altogether; one more than the class of '94, and three more than the class of '95.

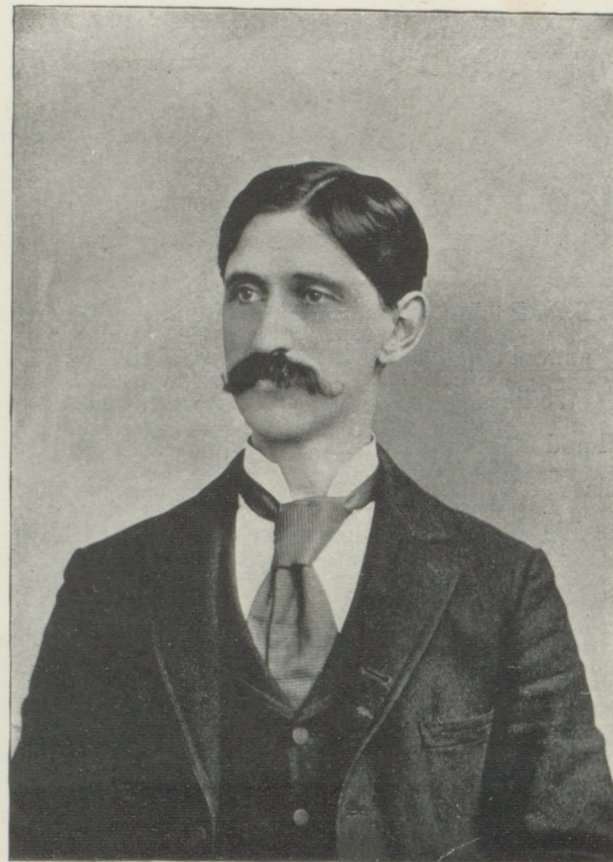
We wish to thank heartily those members of the faculty and pupils who have taken an interest in the publication of their school paper and who did so much for its success.

In saying au revoir the Editors hope, during the summer months, to stop using cuss words to the printer; push out the dents in their feelings from effects of kicks and criticisms during the year, forgive all slanders and personal remarks on the way THE TATLER has been conducted, and recuperate in general. Hoping the next staff will be able to carry the elephant with better success, we remain,

THE STAFF '96.



SUPT. FRANK B. COOPER.



PRIN. WILLIAM WILCOX.

A History of the Past Year.

ONE more milestone have we passed in the journey of life and as we look back and view the way o'er which we have journeyed we see many beautiful spots by the side of that way where we have stopped for rest and refreshment, places where we have paused for recreation and for amusement. By the side of this way, also, we see places which were bare and desolate not long ago, but now are fresh and green, and the warm rays of the sun are fast dispelling any clouds which still linger around the horizon. These places are scenes of the conflicts we have passed through and although we may carry scars from these well fought battles all our lives, yet are we not all the purer, the greater, the stronger for them? And have we not been the victors in every one? From this broad highway through which we have passed we see tiny foot-paths running out in all directions as the branches of any ivy from its parent stalk, foot-paths travelled now by some of the number who started out at the beginning of the year with the throng, but from one cause and another have wandered off from the main thoroughfare.

The year has been a very profitable and pleasant one in spite of the petty annoyances and the troubles which fall to every one who travels over the way to knowledge, and looking back we forget these minor difficulties and remember only the happiest and the best of our experiences.

One of the greatest pleasures we have had this year has been that of entertaining our friends. We have many and throughout the year at least two thousand have we met and welcomed to our school. It would be impossible even to name them all, but among the number we remember especially Gen. Howard, Supt. P. W. Search, and Major Conger. Gen. Howard gave us a very interesting talk at our opening exercises one morning last fall. Supt. Search, on a tour through the United States, spent almost a week with us in Des Moines. He said that it had never been his pleasure to see so well organized or perfect a school as ours and mentioned only two schools which he considered at all equal to this. Supt. Search is the founder and advocate of the new system for high school work, a system which does away with all classes. Many large delegations of teachers and pupils have visited High school; three hundred came down from Storm Lake and surrounding schools in the winter. Principals and city superintendents from many cities in Iowa have been to Des Moines for the purpose of meeting Supt. Cooper and Principal Wilcox and visiting the High school.



THEY WHO PUSHED US ALONG.

The boys have organized a very strong athletic association this year and very fine work has been done; in foot ball W. H. S. scored two victories, E. H. S. and Grinnell, Grinnell having the championship of the state; a victory over their team meant a great honor for W. H. S.

In December the West High School was elected to membership in the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools; as the membership is limited in number and confined to ten states and only six schools in Iowa have the honor of being members, it is a distinction of which our school may justly be proud.

Our principal, Mr. Wilcox, had the honor of being elected president of the Iowa State Teacher's Association this year. Any honor or distinction which may come to our beloved principal is rejoiced over by every pupil in the school.

Our best and two most successful entertainments this year were given by the Senior Class and the Cadet Company. Both were well patronized and pronounced to be first-class, but then they always are good. The little entertainments though are where we have our good times. Mrs. Reynolds on Wednesday mornings very often had a treat for us; sometimes it was an elocutionist who favored us with a few selections, sometimes a soloist. On special days Mrs. Reynolds prepared excellent programs, the pupils of the school taking part in them. We have a strong glee club and many are the times they have sung for us Wednesday mornings. Our club is noted throughout the city as giving excellent music. These Wednesday mornings have been the green spots in the year's work. We have longed for them to come and when passed we have enjoyed looking back to them.

Commencement week, with all its glory, made a fitting close to this school year; many were the honors showered upon the graduates. The class day exercises, the commencement day program and all were of the best and will be remembered as such.

As we look back over this year, a year of study and pleasure, we see that many mistakes have been made, many things left undone which should have been done, but we have found many friends in teachers and pupils, have learned many lessons in the school of life as well as in our books and are better equipped to take our places in the battle of life for having had the experiences this year has afforded.



THE CLASS OF '66.

Class History.

FOUR years ago the class of '96 entered the High school. All through vacation hearts were swelling with honest pride over the honor ever new. No matter if we were only Freshmen, our pride was equal to that of any youth having passed the examination for Harvard or Yale. But alas and alack! when we entered school in the fall we were soon impressed with our inferiority. Even the Sophomores, from their lofty pedestal, pretended to look upon us with disdain, but the class was not to take a subordinate position and schoolmates and teachers soon recognized our studious aim. By the next year our aggressive force had given us a recognized position and we looked upon the squabbles over class colors with interest commendable in Sophomores.

When we became Juniors there was just cause for resenting the insults offered by the Seniors. Although in years and consequent experience they had the advantage, we were superior in numbers and capacity for work. The term began with a disagreement and soon the display of class colors was prohibited. The year was by no means a quiet one and the storm broke at the close of the year when the '96 was placed upon the wall. There is small need to mention this incident as it was deeply impressed upon our minds by the Seniors in their class day exercises, when they took all the glory and gave us more than our share of disgrace.

The mantle of the past, filled with all its ghosts, has fallen upon the present Junior class and the display of the Senior colors fired them, too, with indignation. When the green and white suddenly disappeared it was a trying time, the Seniors stood the test, showing their foresight, good judgment, and thorough confidence in the authorities.

Throughout these stormy periods, the class has stood as a unit, without internal discussion, and the spirit of equality was carried so far that a speaker was asked to address the class on graduation day, rather than honor some members more than others by a place on the programme.

As we look over the four years spent in the High school, many pleasant memories arise. The battles won in which we most pride ourselves, are not class battles but those in which knotty problems have been conquered, or those in which we have mastered passion and exhibited self-control under strong provocation. Herein, we think, lies our fitness or unfitness for the battle of life, where we will meet rivalries stronger than any we have yet known, and instead of kind teachers and an indulgent school board to stand as sponser and judge, we will be



"WE MAY ENTER IT NO MORE."

brought before the stern and often cruel court of public opinion, where our blissful self-confidence may be shattered all too soon.

It is with fond regret we bid farewell to our schoolmates and teachers. The bond of friendship welded by years of pleasant association is not this day broken but will be ever with us, a pleasant memory and an inspiration to studiousness, amiability, prudence, honesty and loyalty.

Class Song.

TUNE—"Why Don't You Lean on Me?"

For four long years we've gathered here
On the morning of each day.
We now are come to say good-bye
Ere we hasten on our way.
We will miss you all in the days to come
When our paths shall lie apart.
Our minds are filled with sad regrets
And sorrow's in each heart.

CHORUS.

Then farewell to schoolmates kind,
We will hold you oft in mind,
As we sadly think of days gone by—
Our school days left behind.
Once more, then, a last farewell,
Farewell as out we go;
We bid adieu, dear friends, to you,
For all must part, you know.
We leave the halls we've trod so long,
With merry song and jest;
The jest is gone, the song is hushed,
Our hearts with grief oppres't.

We lay aside the well worn books,
Ne'er to be used again.
We look upon your faces dear,
And sing the sad refrain.

Repeat first chorus.

It is with fond regret we part
From all our youthful plays;
And yet we turn with hopeful heart
Towards all the future days.
The shadows of our golden past
Are but the clouds of May.
Fame seems to beckon with her wand,
And to her children say:

CHORUS.

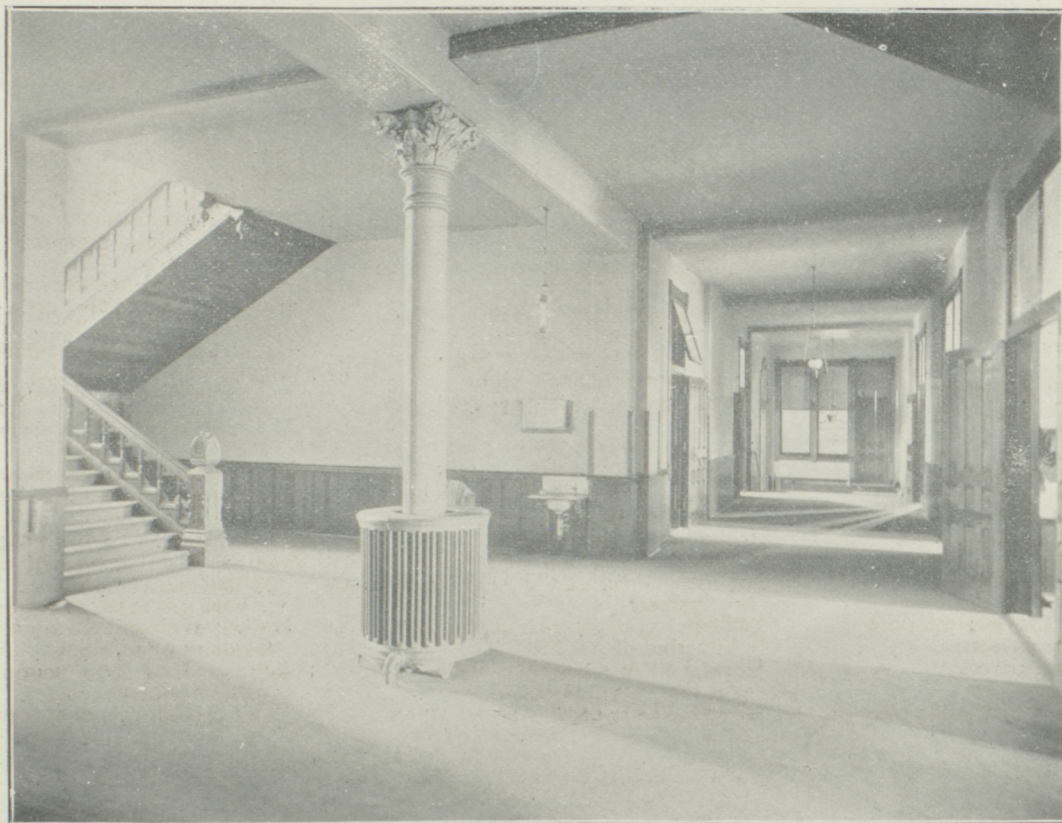
Come, reap from the seed you have sown;
The harvest is waiting for you,
And claim from me whate'er you see
That seems both good and true.
Come, lend from your fresh young lives,
To make this world noble and grand.

So do your best and leave the rest,
And you'll be richly blest.

And now the time to leave has come;
We know not what to say.
We leave what almost seems a home
For places far away.
And now, once more, ere we depart,
We thankful tribute bring.
Oh, teachers, principal and friends,
We thank you as we sing.

CHORUS.

May heaven's blessing fall
On class room, desk and hall;
And may fresh days of usefulness
Await you, one and all.
May the High School still press on
To nobler, higher fame;
The climax found, may years resound
The glory of its name.



LOWER HALL.

Class Song.

TUNE—"Let Me Off at Buffalo."

I.

There stood upon the platform
Just one year ago to-night
This same class of '96,
We were then but frisky Juniors
And the Seniors they were right
When they called us "Little Bricks."
But we now are noble Seniors,
And we greet you in our turn,
With our Allalala-bix
To tell you in the records
There is not much to burn
Of the class of '96, oh, oh!

CHORUS.

Don't forget we are the class of '96,
That still we are foremost in the race;
If you think that we are slow
It's because you do not know
We've set a merry pace.
And the classes that would follow
Where our footsteps lead,
Just remember what we say,
That there is no other way
You can hope to be, like the class of '96.

II.

We are the jolliest class, you know,
That e'er did enter here,
We're the class of '96.
We're always out for all the fun,
We're destitute of fear
As we yell Allalala bix.
We're strictly in it as you see
We always do what's right
All the teachers tell you so;
And when there's something to be done
We work with all our might;
What we do will always go, if you

CHORUS.

Don't forget we are the class of '96.
We are ever foremost in the work,
In things considered smart,
Of the rest we get the start.
We are never known to shirk,
For our jollity and gayety we're unsur-
passed.
You can never get us in a fix;
In any kind of weather
We will all stay close together;
We're the jolly, jolly class,
We're the class of '96.

III.

When the Juniors bumped against us
Then it took them just a night
To get themselves in such a fix
That they never more will tamper
With the colors, green and white,
Of the class of '96.
And the Freshmen boys remember
How they played that little game
With the boys of '96.
How we carried off the honors and
'Tis ever just the same
When we yell Allalala-bix, and oh!
Repeat first chorus.

IV.

The East Side steeple towered high
Before the onward march
Of the boys of '96.
We put the High School colors up,
The East Side boiled with wrath
At the yell Allalala-bix.
Our boys are brave and manly,
And our girls are, oh, so sweet,
As many surely know.
We're as nice a set of people
As you very often meet,
And indeed, this must be so, for oh!



PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

The Sophomore Class.

ALMOST there! Way back in '94, when one hundred and fifty of us entered this High school, destined to form one of the brightest classes that ever entered the building, it seemed a great distance ahead to the time when we should become Juniors, have our rows with the faculty and the Seniors, and perhaps be suspended.

I repeat, we are almost there. Only a matter of a few days until we receive our cards, bequeath our note books to the waste basket, and take upon ourselves the dignity of Juniors.

The class of '98 has made records both in the Sophomore and Freshman classes, that will shed lustre upon it's name for some time to come.

Not only have we demonstrated our ability to study, but we have also placed in the field some athletes, whose work has been of great value in upholding the honor of our school, noticeably in foot ball and in bicycle racing, the latter our especially strong point.

So far in our school life, we have not, as a class, come into contention with either the board or the faculty and hope in the future to maintain our hitherto good record in this direction.

What we hope to do in the remaining two years left for us to spend in school, is still very vague and indefinite; many will drop out and some do not intend to finish school here.

It can only be said that in our Junior and Senior years we intend first to study, second to have as much fun as we can without causing annoyance to our instructors or harm to ourselves, and always to conduct ourselves in such a manner that in the future we can recall the incidents of our Junior and Senior years with as much pleasure as we do those already passed



CHEMICAL LABORATORY

Freshmen of '96.

THE largest and most able Freshman class that ever entered the West High School now have a birthday in their school life, becoming Sophomores, with but few exceptions.

In the Freshman class we have some of the best athletes in the school, a ball team which has lost but two games in the season.

They also take pride in saying that one of the best prose composition writers in the school is a member of the Freshman class.

The good qualities to be found in this class never were surpassed by any class that ever entered the High school in the past, and never can be surpassed by any that ever will enter the school in the future.

The courageous Freshman's spirits are always very high,
With an idea of supremacy as he watches the passers by;
He thinks of how bashful he used to feel and often wonders why,
He overcame the childish feeling of always being shy.

This is to show the effect on a person after entering High school.



HIGH SCHOOL CADETS, '95-'96

Cadets.

THE cadets, this year, were organized as two companies at first but owing to numbers and other reasons, it was decided that better success could be attained by consolidating the two companies into one and this was done. During the fall term, the drill was composed principally of extended order but as the colder weather came on the drill was confined to the manual of arms and this spring drill has taken the form of company movements and reviewing the fall and winter terms. On the 8th and 9th of May the company gave an entertainment, consisting of a farce entitled, "A Proposal Under Difficulties" and a minstrel show, the proceeds going to defray the expenses of Cadet Camp. We wish to take this opportunity of again thanking the persons who helped us and took part in the entertainment. On the last day of school, Friday, May 29th, the annual competitive drill will take place and on the following Saturday the company will start for camp at Adel and remain there until the next Saturday, when they will come home and the cadet work for this school year will be finished.

The boys, this year, were offered an extra inducement to join the company and cadet work is now counted as a third study or one point every year. The numbers at first were larger than they are at present because the boys who joined, thinking it a very easy way to earn a point, found that they had to work for it the same as any other study and in consequence they dropped out. We are happy to say that at no time this year has the company been in so good a condition as at present and that this is due in a large measure to the spirit with which the boys now enrolled entered and have maintained during the year. The ones who stick to a thing are the kind of boys needed and not those who give up because there happens to be a little work in the way. And next year, when the company is organized, let nobody be influenced by the slurring remarks of a certain class of sore persons, who always run down anything instead of helping it in the other direction. As a school institution the cadets should always be maintained and the school should be well represented and take hold of it, support it and help make it a success, such as it should be and has been since it was organized.

The following are the members enrolled:

Officers.

HAZLETT N. CLARK, *Captain.*

SAM ELBERT, *First Lieutenant.*

FAY SPERRY, *Second Lieutenant.*

Non-Commissioned Officers.

ALFRED L. FRISBIE, *First Sergeant.*

GEORGE AYRES, *Second Sergeant.*

MARVIN HOUGHTON, *Third Sergeant.*

HAL GALLEY, *Fourth Sergeant.*

EDWIN DRAKE, *Fifth Sergeant.*

ERNEST WINEMAN, *First Corporal.*

MAC TALCOTT, *Second Corporal.*

CARL DAHLBERG, *Third Corporal.*

OBIE KENNEDY, *Bugler.*

Privates.

FRED BARNITZ.

ROBERT R. KUTH.

JAMES BISHOP.

ALFRED PLUMMER.

NORMAN VORSE.

DAN LAYMAN.

CARL MOTT.

CLARENCE BARNES.

FRANK KLINEFELTER.

HARRY SKINNER.

EARL EVANS.

CHARLIE PATRICK.

GRANT WILSON.

DAN WALLACE.

CHARLES DEMING.

WALTER MILLER.

LOUIE J. THOMAS.

DWIGHT GILMORE.

D. M. ROUNDS.

ARTHUR F. BALDWIN.



RALPH PLUMB, '98.

ETHEL DUFFIELD, '96.

CARL DAHLBERG, '96, *Business Manager*.

WILL SMOUSE, '96, *Asst. Business Mgr*

RUTH VORCE, '98.

"THE TATLER" STAFF.

WALTER GODFREY, '99.

SUSIE HANFORD, '96, *Asst. Editor*.

BERT RAGSDALE, '96, *Editor in-Chief*.

Field Day.

AT last the Field Day is over. It is one of the few events that the West High School does not care to crow about. The East Side succeeded in showing the West Side the art of winning. There are only a few points in dispute which would hardly change the result.

Fifty yard dash—Chase, East school, first; Hartung, East school, second; Closson, West school, third. Time 5 3-5 seconds.

One mile walk—Loizeaux, East school, first; Rule, East school, second; Drake, East school, third. Time 8:32.

Hundred yard dash—Chase, East school, first; Hartung, East school, second; Snyder, East school, third. Time 10 3-5.

Half mile bicycle race—Englebeck, East school, first; Barnitz, West school, second; Galley, West school, third. Time 1:23.

Hop-step-and-jump—Verne Stanley, West school, first; Claude Stanley, West school, second; Rule, East school, third. Distance 41 feet six inches.

Pole vault—Chase, East school, first; Huttenlocher, East school, second; Evans, West school, third; 8 feet 6 inches.

Mile run—Loizeaux, East school, first; Baldwin, West school, second; Nolan, West school, third. Time 5:10 2-5.

Running broad jump—Claude Stanley, West school, first; Verne Stanley, West school, second; Hartung, East school, third. Distance 18 feet 2 inches.

Hammer throw—Closson, West school, first; Wyman, West school, second; Smouse, West school, third. Distance 90 feet.

Running high jump—Chase, East school, first; Snyder, East school, second; Morris, West school, third. Height 5 feet 3 inches.

Two mile bicycle race—Butler, West school, first; Galley, West school, second; Smith, East school, third. Time 5:00 3-5.

Two hundred and twenty yard dash—Chase, East school, first; Hartung, East school, second; Closson, West school, third. Time 25 seconds.

Standing broad jump—Huttenlocher, East school, first; Chastin, West school, second; Stanley, West school, third. Distance 9 feet 8½ inches.

Shot put—Hartung, East school, first; Smouse, West school, second; Chase, East school, third. Distance 37 feet 8½ inches.

Half mile run—Loizeaux, East school, first; Beacon, West school, second; Hellin, East school, third. Time 2:16.

Hundred and twenty yards hurdle—Chase, East school, first; Snyder, East school, second; Houghton, West school, third.

Standing high jump—Huttenlocher, East school, first; Chase, East school, second; Stanley, West school, third. Height 4 feet 6 inches.

Judges—Nunenberger, Rothfuss, Gwinn.

Starter—Ingalls.

This is the second consecutive time the East school has won the association cup, and according to the rule it now becomes their absolute property.

Chase won the \$25 medal offered by the association for the best individual score. He had a total of thirty-four points. Hartung and Loizeaux were tied for second place, with an individual score of fifteen points each.

— The representatives of North Des Moines and Capital Park schools, who were entered in nearly every event, did not get a place or score a point.



BITTINGER ON A METEOR.

Most of the Cuts

In this edition were made from photographs by Edinger. It is not necessary for "The Tatler" to introduce him to the public, but simply to say that the eating of the pudding is the best way to test it.

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Same city, there are 3,426 Typewriters (of 26 different makes)—

Remington 2,698=78%

All others 728.



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Largest building in the city, 334 Typewriters in use,

Remington 274=82%

All others 60.



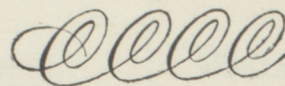
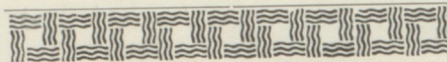
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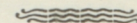
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6. If it does not, then examine in comparison form of policy printed on pages 18 and 19, and method of book-keeping on page 20 of its prospectus, which **WILL BE SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.** Agents wanted.

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



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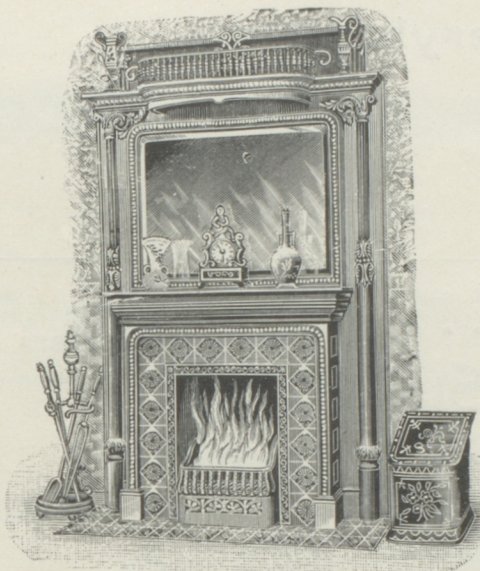
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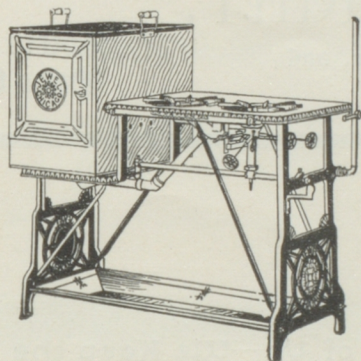


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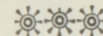
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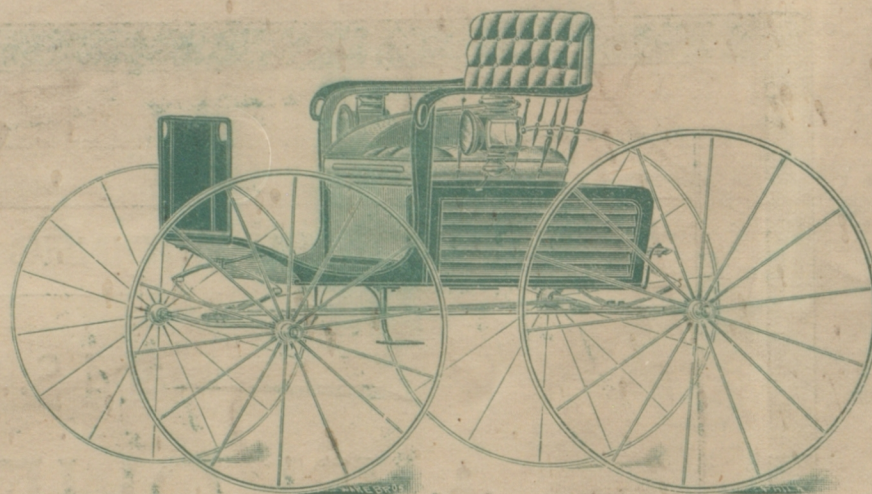
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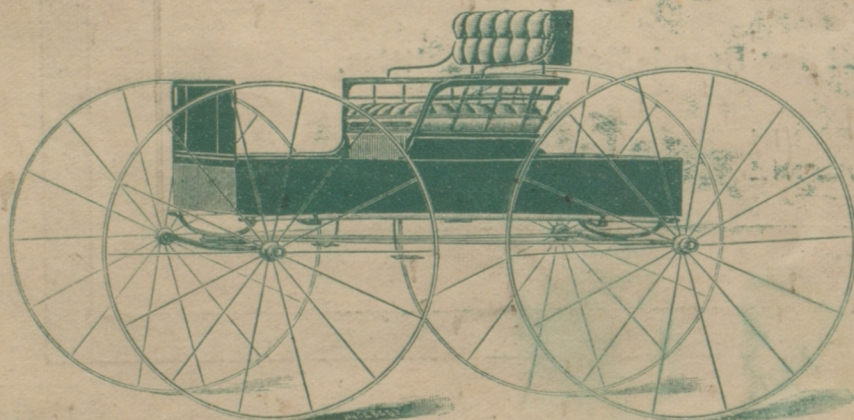
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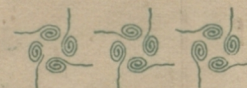
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